

## MESSAGE FROM NEW-HOOLIGANIA

*for Győző Határ*

This is one-week land one-week revolutions  
and one-week love affairs we are a state  
of throw-away cheap hankies into which  
more favoured countries blow the foul pollutions  
that dainty Europe has to dissipate  
and even what's for sale they ought to ditch

In one-week-land no guarantees apply  
for they are crushed by caterpillar tracks  
or chewed up by a caterpillar worm  
to nest her eggs there till a butterfly  
of fairy wings and dazzling ballet acts  
is born for one week, her allotted term.  
one week for faith but where are the believers  
'be blessed or cursed here by the hand of fate'  
which like a crooked moneychanger's hand  
is stuffed with newsprint cut to look like fivers  
among the good ones it will con you mate  
so keep your eyes peeled or go down the pan  
it's still your land but a stepmotherland\*  
don't die for it survive it if you can